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ADDRESS
DELIVERED TO THE MEDICAL GRADUATES
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
AT THEIR COMMENCEMENT,

JUNE 27, 1901,

BY

PROF. JOHN ORDRONAU, M. D., LL. D.

BURLINGTON, VT.:
FREE PRESS ASSOCIATION,
PUBLISHERS, PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS.

1901.

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A strange feeling possesses me as I rise to address you. A feeling which can not be wholly communicated by language, but must be left to your inference from the long interval of time it represents, and the many vicissitudes of life it embraces. I am here to perform, with much surprise to myself, the same duty which devolved upon me, on a similar occasion, thirty-six years ago. Thus history repeats itself at certain recurrent periods. And, all unbeknown to ourselves, the decrees of Providence are being executed above our will in the trend and movements of our daily lives.

The panorama of changes that confronts me here, on the threshold of my address, is too impressive to allow me to proceed without a pause for reminiscent observation. I stand in the presence of two distinct periods with all their differing and startling results. In this long interval, too long to be measured by the standard of months, and falling more properly in the category of cycles, the drama of human society has moved with accelerated pace. A generation has acted its part of good and evil, then passed to its final account. Science—the industrial arts—Education, Commerce, Navigation, have all spread their wings as never before. Our country has added nine states to the framework of our Federal Union, and buttressed its Constitution with armor plated Amendments whose necessity had never been contemplated. Our very name, the United States, has changed its former significance and been adjudicated by our highest Appellate Tribunal to be no longer a plural substantive, but a noun in the singular number describing a nation of political equals, and not a league or partnership of States. Lastly, the law of predestination, whose mysterious operations our philosophy cannot anticipate, nor our logic interpret, under rules of human reasoning, has swept away our Continental barriers and commanded our flag to become the bearer of a new light and a new political Evangel to the nations of the East.

The majestic problem thus suddenly thrust upon us has in it the quality of a divine mission, which, like all commands from on high, neither Kings nor Courts, nor Legislatures, nor Armies can successfully refuse to obey. It can be executed by us, because we have been granted the power. It shall be done, because it is written in the decree of an omnipotent Sovereign. Popular government has at last circumnavigated the globe, and whether in the form of independent, or of colonial states, has inaugurated an Era of vast, incomputable consequences. An electrified impulse is moving us to expectations of still greater achievements in the near future. Along the whole line of telegraphic communication which now girdles the Earth, comes every morning some fresh instalment of evolution, of invention and discovery, in a word, of expanded and expanding achievements. The prophecy of the Cumaean Sibyl is being fulfilled in our behalf. A new Age has been born to us, bringing with it a new order of things. Henceforth we must keep our lamps trimmed, and be ready to meet at his coming this new bridegroom of destiny. Is it strange, when looking back through these thirty-six years of palpitating activities, and noting the changes in educational advantages that have marked the progress of this University—the new industries that have grown up in this city—the increase of its commerce and municipal prosperity—is it strange that the first touch of this reminiscent atmosphere should fill me with unusual and indescribable feelings?

And now also, the graves of memory seem opening before my eyes, bringing back the faces and forms of departed friends, long lost awhile, yet returning to greet me as by the call of the Archangel's trump. Some were my associates in the Medical Department and shared in the labors of instruction. They were also family physicians to a large parish of devoted friends, with whose joys and sorrows time and close intimacy had made them acquainted. Drs. Thayer and Carpenter then filled a large space on the public horizon as counselors, and guides in family, and educational affairs. They were regarded, also, as the leaders of a

school of practice that reflected the high standing of their several Departments, and brought fame to the University. They drew students from abroad, because they made their field of instruction attractive to gentlemen out of the State, some of whom deemed it an honor to be invited to join their Faculty. The exterior reputation of Drs. Stiles and Conant, of Crosby, Collier, Darling and Dunster, all shed a luminous glare upon the Medical firmament of our University.

Their names and reputation form a brilliant chapter in the history of the School, towards which they gave a service of faithful devotion. It is true that they toiled with inferior advantages to those now possessed by their successors, and comparisons here would not be just. Yet their labors as Teachers were among the best of their day, and their good fruits will survive as long as any medical graduate remains whose privilege it was to sit under their instruction. And there was one also, who though not my associate, became for a while my successor in the chair of Medical Jurisprudence. I cannot here mention the name of Edward J. Phelps without feeling the air grow heavy with the incense of your praise, and the overflowing expression of your admiration. His was, indeed, a personality of most attractive and insinuating character. To hear his public speech was to receive a lesson in classic oratory not soon to be forgotten. His tongue possessed the cunning art of graceful utterance, his voice somehow charmed the air about him, and, like Milton's angel, left his audience "still fixed to hear," reluctant to part with its dying tones. Learned as a Jurist, a leader among Advocates, he had few equals at the American Bar. As an instructor in Law, and necessarily its expounder, he achieved an enviable reputation for his masterly interpretation of its principles. Being thoroughly grounded in their foundations, they presented to his mind no enigmas which he could not solve. In his hands, they were made to appear as living, practical forces adapted to every phase of human right, and able to promote every claim for human justice. Possessed of a fascinating style that could illumine, as well as interpret, the most intricate doctrines of the oracles of the

law, he could turn the "gladsome light of jurisprudence" upon them in such a way as to clothe them with seductive aspects in the eyes of students. They saw in them no longer dead doctrines, but living truths, for he breathed into even the dry bones of ancient fictions and of obsolete precedents a spirit of quickening animation. As Minister to England he represented, outside even of his diplomatic achievements, the knightly element of his own profession, and received the homage of her aristocratic Bar and the personal esteem of her Sovereign. His lectures on Medical Jurisprudence gave delight and inspiration to the students, who quickly availed themselves of his permission to publish them, an honor never before shown to a Professor in that Department of our University. It was owing to this rare combination of intellectual qualities, that his services were in such demand for the discussion of the highest problems in forensic litigation, and brought him also the chair of the Kent Professorship in Yale University.

For you, gentlemen of the Graduating Class, to whom this galaxy of honored names may seem but a picture gallery of unknown persons, I have drawn these sketches of eminent men, because they form an illustrative chapter in the history of your Alma Mater, and may act as an incentive to make your own lives of similar advantage to the world. You have earned the distinction of a Diploma, but remember that this parchment certificate of her adoption, is not an empty title, unless you choose to make it so. All true men feel that an honorable profession is something more than a book-keeping account with the public, where dollars and cents are the sole measure of personal confidence and relationship. No one can minister with clean hands or a pure heart at the altar of Religion, Medicine or Law, unless he brings to it a spirit of devotion, consecration and self-sacrifice. However differently these words may be interpreted by men, they all resolve themselves into one primal idea, which is that of faith and social service—faith in the honesty of that profession, and willingness to announce ourselves as its servants. These facts, and the occasion which brings us

together, supply the appropriate text from which to address you.

This is your Medical birthday, your introduction into a new life, together with the assumption of a new legal status. Henceforth your character will stand in the glare of public observation and be tried in the crucible of public opinion. The sudden change from the easy-going, happy-go-lucky days of college life, with little responsibility and slender care for the morrow ; the sudden change from this to the hard, the cold, the matter-of-fact duties of a world where each professional brother is a competitor, and where rivalry, not sympathy, meets you upon entrance ; this abrupt change, I well know from experience, needs courage and hope to confront it. Each in his turn must bear that cross. It was mine ; it is yours and will be such to many. Fortunately for us, the Almighty has decreed that this is to be part of our intended discipline, and has provided also that there shall be no danger in it, except to cowards. He who perseveres shall surely overcome, because, in fact, there is no other way. And it is every day made evident that, in this world of necessary activity, Faith and works must be inseparably united in order to insure success.

Generally speaking, the most serious obstacle that bars the way of a young graduate in entering into practical life, is the *vis inertia* of irresolution—the preference for the flowery beds of ease, and the lotos-eating habits so readily acquired in college. Everything there is purposely made easy for him, and consequently, tends to pamper his self-indulgence. But when he enters the world, he finds everything hard and obtainable only by a struggle and the payment of a price. He feels, therefore, that he starts at a disadvantage—that he needs the lateral support of a rich relative, or a different social position, or the favor of a political magnate to give him at once the coveted advancement. Fatal mistake ! These feelings come from below, and are the favorite suggestions of the Tempter, with which he enslaves every idler and coward. No young man needs sudden advancement, in fact, it is always dangerous,

sometimes even as fatal to his stability and permanent growth as were the waxen wings of Icarus, when he sought to perform his great astronomical feat. True and permanent advancement is always a growth, a development of the inner life, and must obey the laws of our physical nature. The summits of fame or fortune which we can retain, when attained, are not those to which we have been suddenly ballooned by the action of friends or other external agencies. If we would retain them, they must have been climbed by our own plodding feet, patiently advancing step by step—year by year, through sunshine and through storm—through evil report and good report, and with only God and ourselves to rely upon. For it has ever been the law that

“The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

As this is properly an hour of congratulation calling for a perspective of Hope and uplifting thoughts, I do not think it well to moralize too deeply, or to cloud your horizon with prognostics of coming storms. I prefer to hold up to you the glorious promises of the Book of Psalms, with all its sufficiencies for our daily needs, rather than to check your ardor with depressing lamentations from the pages of Ecclesiastes. The vanities and vexations of life will soon enough present themselves to you, without the need of going in search of them. Let us rather invoke the Sicilian Muses, and sing on a higher key of the inspiring achievements of your profession, of the nobility of its mission, and the gladsome opportunities that await you. There has always been a fascination about the science or art or mystery, as the world pleases to call it, of the practice of medicine. Its ministry is so benevolent in the care of our bodies, and its triumphs over the conqueror death are so multiple and incessant, that it has always occupied a commanding place in the religion of every people, and formed part at times of its legendary lore. Next to the Priest who ministers

at the altar of God, stands the physician who ministers at that of Nature. This universal recognition of his function as that of a "minister and interpreter of nature" carries with it a prerogative of place and authority that has never been questioned.

The Greeks paid the founder of Medicine an immortal compliment in asserting that that grimy old Undertaker Pluto, finding his burial fees reduced by the success of Aesculapius, besought Jupiter to slay him, and it was done. The story may be fishy, nevertheless it is harmless, and may well be passed down to be tasted by students as a sugar plum of medical history. But Cicero struck a loftier note of praise for the Art of Healing when he apostrophized it by saying, that men never so nearly approach to the similitude of Gods as when they restore health to their fellowmen. How does this differ from the divine power given by Christ to the Apostles? And, it is true now, as it ever was, that the healing power of drugs has its inexplicable miraculous side, when looked at from their material composition alone, whose chemical analysis furnishes no *a priori* clue to what their effect shall be in all future cases. The first cure of any disease notoriously fatal must have always carried with it the semblance of a miracle. It was a triumph over the destructive power of Nature. It *must* be conceded, also, that men had intuitions of disease before schools were established in which to study its myriad manifestations. Whence came those benevolent intuitions unless from the divinity that stirs within us? They experimented also with remedies before they knew their nature, or the consequences of their administration. Thus progress was slowly made by these pioneer physicians who toiled fearlessly and with joy in their benevolent efforts for mankind. The story of this heroism which has never retreated before any enemy, has been often repeated in the lives of physicians in every age and country. Whenever the fire has been kindled and the altar prepared, a victim has never been wanting.

It is over these stepping stones hallowed by the blood of such martyrs, that Medicine has marched to her present exalted position among the sciences. Every century has contributed some marked discovery to stimulate zeal, and to promote continuing inquiry. Not, however, until Anatomy had led the way and built her unchangeable foundations, did subsequent explorers make permanent gains. Until then, the pendulum of discovery swung wildly, and in no definite arc, between thaumaturgy and methodism. In their turn, Alchemy and Metaphysics both entered as actors in the drama of search after the various agencies supposed to reside in the stars, in the earth, in metals—in animals and spirits. Some searched for the philosopher's stone, some for the elixir of life. Yet, running through all this maze and tangle of advancing and retreating systems, and mingling with all their contradictory results, were golden threads of achievement. Something was always gained, nothing was ever absolutely lost, for the background of Faith remained undisturbed and the thirst for knowledge continued. Though men passed away, their records were left behind, to be afterwards scrutinized by better equipped students, bringing with them new instruments of precision, and who could out of this dust of systems and of creeds, evolve the nucleus of some more stable facts. It was thus that Chemistry was evolved from the jargon of Alchemy—thus that the *Materia Medica* was purged of its sinister burthen of charms—amulets, signatures—zodiacal associations and other superstitious formulas. Light was steadily carrying her torch farther and farther into the recesses of organization, and revealing the operation of hitherto unsuspected laws. At last, when the microscope came, a new sun entered the firmament of Medicine to the assistance of Chemistry. Centuries of darkness were dispelled, Chaos and ancient night surrendered their realms to observation. Nature, growth, disease, all opened their laboratories to the inspection of inquisitive students, who needed only to knock to be allowed to enter. But it has required ages, and generations, to reach our present state of positivism in the science of medicine, and,

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while we have not wholly destroyed the fountains of superstition, they are now but broken cisterns that will hold no water.

The history of Medicine during the early centuries is a record mainly of intuitions applied to experiments upon human bodies. Anatomy had not penetrated far beyond external structure, and Physiology consisted in conjecture. Loose and general ideas of the laws of nature preceded these experiments. Their fruits and their errors have come down to us through a process of gradual filtration and the corrective application of severer tests. We have learned that there are no grammatical laws governing the actions of living bodies ; consequently, that the latter exhibit idiosyncrasies in their functions, while still remaining members of a regulated system. Therefore, in such an age of positivism as our own, scientific minds can not look with favor upon discoveries having their parentage in illogical conclusions. Proof is necessarily required of the truth of any new idea that claims the right to supersede an established one. Protection to life and health now demand from the physician a knowledge superior to that of any former times. He cannot afford to be a mere journeyman. His preparation must rest upon something more tangible than mere self-introspective states of clairvoyance, of crystal vision, or other conditions of subliminal consciousness. And so fierce to-day is the rivalry of competition that men must be specially schooled in every art which they hope to practice with success. This is the announcement made by the twentieth century to those about entering the arena of professional life.

Nevertheless, men, in every age, have had to grope their way through darkness and perils in order to make discoveries. Even when stumbled upon accidentally, they are not at once perfected, but have to be revived and reaffirmed by prolonged, corroborative proofs. Thus it is that, the spirit of resistance with which any new discovery relating to the laws of life has met, may eventually prove a benefit to the discoverer, as well as to society, by requiring him to perfect it. If it be a truth, it is so intrenched in the framework of the Universe that it can

not be overthrown—if it be not a truth, it is an error of man which the sunlight of investigation will expose. Yet, strange to say, in the field of Natural History man seems to have had communicated to him at times a pre-cognition of the laws governing matter. On a lower plane of action and for purposes of self-preservation, even animals share with him these providential gifts. One class of actions we attribute to blind instinct, the other to an untrammelled reason pursuing its enlightening way.

In certain respects the lives of the early explorers in Medicine resemble those of the early Navigators. There was partial knowledge in both, coupled with boldness—inferior instruments to work with, but always an underlying Faith that obstacles could, and would be removed by perseverance. The legend, *perseverando vinces*, was a deep rooted sentiment in both classes, serving to stimulate efforts however disappointing. But it proved the law, that beginning an enterprise is in itself a long stride towards its accomplishment. Still, there appears to have been required in all cases, not alone a season of planting, but one of prolonged ripening before the harvest could be reached. Sixteen centuries of astronomical investigation were required to overthrow the errors of the Ptolemaic system and to substitute the Copernican; eighteen centuries had elapsed before the Julian calendar was re-formed. We are still using the names of Heathen Gods in the months of the year, and of Saxon deities in the days of the week. And the same paradoxes are to be found in some of our inherited anatomical terms that are still taught students as scientific truths. It is plain from these random facts that both the early navigators and early physicians only had fleeting glimpses of the promised land of discovery, which many never lived to reach, another evidence that God fulfills Himself in many ways, but only in His appointed time.

Moreover, great truths of universal benefit to mankind are never committed to the keeping of one perishable life. Servetus and Harvey both share the honor of having discovered the

rationale of the circulation of the blood. Tycho Brahe and Kepler and Galileo all held portions of the mighty secret of the times, the motions, and the orbits of the planetary bodies, which the genius of Newton and La Place was subsequently commissioned to expound in the laws of Celestial Mechanics. And in our day Adams and Le Verrier reading the Heavens with Mathematical intuition announced the coming of the great planet Neptune. And so with Franklin, Morse and Henry in Electricity—so with Jackson and Morton and Wells in Anesthesia. So with Sir Charles Bell and Marshall Hall and Jenner and Schwann, Loewenhoeek—Priestly and La Voisier—Pasteur, Lister, Virchow and Koch and others whom time fails me to mention. But in whatever direction we look for fresh discoveries, we are reminded that in the realm of organization, at least, we enter a field of broader and more complex relations than that of mechanics, one whose varying phenomena neither chemistry nor mathematics can always explain. It is the territory of life—a part of the Kingdom of God that is within us. He who enters to study its secrets must put off his shoes and enter with a reverent spirit. The humblest atom has been breathed upon, and into by the Almighty, who never appears greater than in the least of His creations. It is found that every living cell has a personal equation of its own, destined both singly and jointly to discharge a duty towards the system of which it forms a part. And since there is government, there must be law, which in turn excludes the idea of luck or of accident. All modern discoverers have worked upon this theory, and their successes have shown, even in their initiatory stages, that they were right. I commend their example to you as the rule and standard of procedure. Yet I would not have you exclude the fact that an intuition, in an educated mind, may really be a form of logical conclusion to which it has arrived without the consciousness of having passed through a preceding train of syllogisms. The history of Medicine presents some striking illustrations of this.

The prevalence of epidemic diseases in men, and seasons of blight and failure in crops, gave rise in the Middle Ages to a remarkably correct interpretation of their causes. It is true that it occurred in an age of superstition whose brooding darkness entered everywhere. The domestic life—the Church—the administration of Justice, all dwelt beneath its noonday shadow. Men sought to explain everything through astrological signs, through omens, dreams, communion with familiar spirits and various forms of witch-craft. Demoniical possession of Nature, as well as of souls, was the last resort to those who vainly sought for causes of evil that seemed to them born of supernatural agencies. Early frosts, droughts, murrain in cattle, blight in crops, tornadoes, St. Vitus dance, hysteria, were all attributed to the agency of Satan. The Church of that day was not sufficiently enlightened to make any discrimination between moral and physical evil, and placed them both on an equal plane of condemnation. But, as no one actually saw Satan at work in producing the physical evils just mentioned, it was logically concluded that he must be acting through agents. If a crop was destroyed by locusts, they must be his agents; if weevils consumed the wheat, or grasshoppers the grass, they did it at his command. If, as often happened in seasons of epidemics, flies or gnats swarmed, they were immediately connected with the particular sickness as the parent cause.

Accordingly, the Church summoned them to appear before one of its Courts to answer the indictment found against them. Counsel were even assigned them, and the whole drama of a judicial trial was seriously executed. This trial of Animals by placing them on a basis of moral responsibility tantamount to that of men, seems to us to savor of the burlesque. And yet when viewed in the light of history, and viewed as a link in a chain of subsequent discoveries, it served to fasten men's attention upon the connection between animal life as a generator of disease, and, later still, upon animals themselves as the common carriers of disease. A clue had evidently been found

which it remained for subsequent centuries to follow up. The doctrine thus established by the Mediaeval Church of the responsibility of the lower animals for the causation of disease, had the name originally of Demonology. We moderns have developed and perfected the doctrine and patented the right to use it, under the name of Bacteriology. Have we an exclusive right to our Patent, or is it an infringement? The light of some stars has required thousands of years to reach us. The light of this magnificent sunrise in the valley of Pathology has required only a few hundreds. Well may we raise a Hymn of Praise 'mid " swelling tears, mute thanks and secret ecstasy," as we think of the thousands that will be snatched from the jaws of death through the operations of this great protective discovery. Jenner's labors have saved millions from the defacing touch of a loathsome disease. But his labors have done even more by opening the door and pointing the way to a new system of therapeutics destined to abolish all contagious diseases.

We are every day revising many facts of past experiences that lay isolated in records, and placing them in a connected series within the domain of a more enlarged and systematized knowledge. It is now a well established fact that flies may become the transmitters of the germs of disease, in common with other insects, as the Hospital records of past wars have shown. Until recently, however, the extent of their harmful agency was not fully appreciated. In our Civil War, they were doubtless the efficient cause of much hospital gangrene and other forms of septic infection that are now no longer witnessed ; and, more lately, in our Spanish war, they infested our camps at Chattanooga, Jacksonville and Fernandina, and contributed beyond all other agencies to the dissemination of typhoid fever.

In the animal world it would seem that carnivorous instincts are the dominant factors in supplying food. Whether in an ascending or descending series, we prey upon each other. Nature herself prompts to cannibalism, particularly in the animalcular world.

"So, naturalists observe, a flea
 "Has smaller fleas that on him prey,
 "And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
 "And so proceed *ad infinitum*."

Of late, the field of Entomology has contributed an important discovery to Medicine in the relation existing between Mosquitos and Malaria. This impertinent, stinging insect, had been chiefly distinguished as a vampire fattening upon the blood of men and disturbing their sleep. He was an oldtime offender, bred on marshy soils and with unrivaled powers of fecundity. His presence destroyed the rental value of summer homes; drove men and animals to desperation by his attacks, and when accompanied by a swarm of his relatives, came down upon a community like a wolf upon the fold. Although his character was irretrievably bad, something meaner than vampirism was discovered to belong to it. The fact was ascertained that he was a common carrier of malarial germs from a malaria patient to a healthy person. In other words, that he made himself an Expressman for an evil purpose and disseminated disease against the peace of the State. This truth, first announced in the United States as a theory in 1872, has since been subjected to the severest tests in mosquito-infested regions, and been finally accepted by scientific bodies as a demonstrated fact. And I am sure it will afford you pleasure to know that our Government, speaking through its official organ, the Smithsonian Institution, has announced that the credit of first promulgating this theory in the United States belongs to Dr. A. F. A. King, of the University of Vermont. *Palman qui meruit ferat.**

With this array of comforting facts before you, I am sure you will agree with me that the profession of Medicine is a

*NOTE. The exact date of Dr. King's announcement of his views upon this subject cannot be precisely fixed by me. But I recall a conversation in his office in Washington in the winter preceding my retirement from this University, in which he mentioned his theory of the communicability of the germs of intermittent fever, by mosquitos. My retirement occurred in 1873.

field of exhaustless opportunities for attaining to usefulness and distinction. Professional schools of themselves can never teach success. They can only point in its direction, and prepare men to tread in the paths which lead to it. They only place an Academic torch in your hand to give light to your footsteps, then leave you to find your own way through the darkness of experiment. Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you, is an old-time promise that has cheered many a fainting heart and put a rainbow into its skies. It is a promise, indeed, but not a guarantee, because the actor himself may fail to supply the necessary prerequisite conditions. There is always an "if" in our undertakings, whose sediment we cannot analyze. Paul may sow, and Apollos may water, but the increase cometh from a higher source, one that never abdicates its sovereignty. Our hurry and our hustling may be commendable as a protest against indolence. Nevertheless, there may be an over-haste to seek success by a sudden elevation to positions for which you are not yet qualified, and which you cannot hold when attained. Your feet may seem to have carried you there, while your head really lingers behind. Few young men can realize that success, to be permanent must be the product of growth. Sudden elevation, with no foundation to sustain it, is a snare. The strength of any structure that we build upwards is always determined by the breadth which we give to its base. Please remember that no pyramid can stand on its vertex.

Men speak of success as they would of a point to be reached at a leap, but there is something better than leaping into success, and that is the power to hold it against all odds. Some think income its best test, bartering even professional honor in the scales of emolument; some think newspaper notoriety; some think political office, and are willing in their pursuit of it, to snatch its perquisites by indirection, in order to

"Scramble at the shearer's feast,

"And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

After all said and done in the marts of commerce ; on the highways of traffic, or in the arena of professional competition, high character has always proved the best co-efficient by which to measure success. Like the atmosphere we breathe, there is no substitute for it. But it must be character in one's own profession ; built upon the respect of one's own brethren, who have seen your daily work and know its quality. These are the unbribed judges who make our lasting fame. Character building, in fact, is the great art of arts in life, securing to all the only permanent treasure which they can carry into the next world. War, domestic calamity, disease, age, altered circumstances, none can destroy it but ourselves. It is the only asset we can present at the day of judgment. Of course, moral character everywhere yields more or less to the pressure of environment. A crowd governs the conduct of its individual members, by the mere sympathy of contiguity, and the composite influences it exercises over them. It is so with the age itself—men sin in their tribal, as well as in their individual capacity. All social communications have their particular contagion. In this respect, our national impatience to hurry young men through college, and professional schools, has had to be curbed, in order to make it conform more nearly to the normal growth of mental power. This fermenting activity in Education widened the range of Academic labors, for which the hours of study were not sufficient. Men were graduated who were

“ Deep versed in books, and shallow in themselves.”

An all around veneering had indeed covered their minds, but it was very thin in places, and they found themselves distanced in competitive efforts with non-graduates to gain entrance into paying occupations. The aristocracy of the gown was placed at a disadvantage, beside the plebeian apprentices of financial workshops. To cure this discomfiture, elective studies had to be introduced into Colleges in order to prepare men through a more circumscribed curriculum for practical work in the outside world. A collegiate apprenticeship in the liberal

professions was thus inaugurated, and the alphabet of both Law and Medicine is beginning to be taught to undergraduates. This was a call for greater length of time in study—for less hurry and pressure—for more reflection, ending in a broader preparation for the lifework ahead. At the same time, it was building character in men—putting mineral ingredients into their daily lives, teaching them seriousness in application, by introducing them to a practical acquaintance with the machinery of that multitude of wage-earning industries whose abbreviated name is business. They saw that there was a business character as well as a moral character, to be developed in order to be successful. For the first time in the history of Academic education in this country the colleges have entered into direct competition with the counting-room, the bank, railroad offices and mercantile exchanges and offered themselves as preliminary training schools. From these necessitated compliances with the movements of the age arose the Lawrence and the Sheffield Scientific Schools, the Chandler Scientific School, and more lately the Tuck School of Finance and Administration at Dartmouth College. This ecumenical change has already touched with felicitous results Medical colleges, in an extension of their courses and the up-to-date equipment of their graduates. The opening of Postgraduate schools has rendered also a remarkable service to practitioners of Medicine. Few men who have reached middle life need to be reminded that, as pointed out by John Locke, "the pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colors; and, if not sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear."

Periodically the medical practitioner needs to review his studies. He must keep up with progress as it is gazetted in Journals, Text Books and Hospital Reports. Like a navigator, he needs periodically a revised edition of his professional Atlas. Boundaries have been changed, the lighthouses erected by the forefathers have been furnished with systems of searchlights hitherto unknown. The old man must pause to take new observations, and to familiarize himself with new instruments,

and laboratory work ; in other words, he must go to school again, and in Postgraduate and Polyclinic academies sit as a student at the feet of younger men. This is giving to his present success perpetuation, by fresh installments of preparation. Obsolete knowledge has been replaced by that which stands on a broader base. He is now professionally re-made, and with a broader horizon before him than when he graduated.

I have spoken of high character as a necessary prerequisite to permanent success. But I would not have you limit this term to the sphere of moral conduct alone. There should be high character exhibited in industry, in application to a rooted purpose, devotion to the true end of a profession which is to serve our fellow-men. The word "servant" to some American ears carries with it, I know, an idea of enforced labor, of humiliation, of something inconsistent with personal liberty. This is a foolish misconception of the word. All successful men have made themselves so by consenting to be servants of their profession. Wise men do not shrink from the name; preferring to personify it in their actions. "Art thou called being a servant," says the Apostle Paul, "care not for it." That was the brave expression of a brave man, and a stimulus to every honest laborer engaged in the service of humanity. "We are all servants of the law," exclaimed Cicero, in like manner, and the echo of this truism has been repeated by every subsequent generation. Lawyers, Physicians, Clergymen, Magistrates, all are servants. Providence has decreed as a law, in the moral order of our lives, that social service is the only way to live righteously. This is the first lesson in Altruism.

It is not, therefore, from love of money or other sordid motives alone, that men have been found toiling far into age. Love, fame, charity, faith, can each furnish its incentives. This truth has been beautifully expounded by Ruskin in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, of which I particularly commend to your perusal the *Lamp of Obedience*. The great Masters in all departments of science, art, philosophy, and philanthropy,

have ever toiled in Faith and in Hope, putting no mere mercenary motive in the foreground of their work.

" The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity.
Himself from God he could not free."

It is the "sad sincerity" in which we labor and suffer, that gives worth and a certain majesty to our accomplishments. It is our nearness to God in spirit that makes the burden of that labor light, and its reward assured. There have been martyrs in Medicine as well as in Religion, physicians, who toiling in sad sincerity and self-sacrifice, have died of the very diseases which they made the study of their lives. But such lives, although sometimes extinguished in mid-career of their usefulness, have not labored in vain, nor been forgotten in the roll-call of the immortals. They carried a torch whose light was as inextinguishable as that of truth. As a preparation for success in their labors, they erected an altar to service in their hearts, and laid a daily offering of their sincerity upon it. Men need ideals to spur them on; ideals to lift them out of the ruts of personal interest. He who labors without any, grovels in the dust of his mechanical workshop. So wrought Galileo in his cell, so wrought Michael Angelo in Architecture, so wrought Vesalius in Anatomy, so wrought Columbus and Cabot and Vasco da Gama in Navigation. This, this, indeed, is success. Nor are its doors yet closed. Opportunity will always continue to those who seek for it in "sad sincerity." I can not, therefore, escape from the necessity of dwelling upon the operations of that moral law which makes Faith, social service and self-sacrifice the ultimate agencies of all high achievements. These are doctrines supposed to be known to all Christians who read the Bible. Yet they are Heaven-born ethical creeds that have anticipated in date the birth of our Savior. The Hippocratic oath which you have taken binds you to a creed as solemn as any Christian philosopher could frame. And, because it was framed by a heathen, can you do less than observe it, or dare

you practice by any narrower standard of conduct? It contains a pledge—an invocation to the Diety as then known, and a promise of purity and faithful service.

I have said that colleges cannot teach you success, but the lives of men do certainly show you the way to it. These successful lives of other days and of other conditions are a rebuke to the impatience and the hurry of our own, and teach one lesson with innumerable repetitions, and that is the value of steadfastness in one purpose. This shunning of duties that are not picturesque, romantic or encircled by a framework of pageantry, or blown to the four winds by the brazen trumpets of Journalism ; this horror and inward dread of silent, inconspicuous labor, is the forerunner of professional failure. A long life of professional labor has taught me its dignity on every plane of required action. A long life of observation of men's ways and of their experiences has taught me that the essentials of success are everywhere the same—like the Kingdom of God, they are within us, and consist in preparation, in labor, in patience and submission to the Divine Will.

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